# I Can’t Deny You Anything

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# I Can’t Deny You Anything

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will and Hannibal have a special kind of.. therapy.

Hannibal is a professional dom, and tries some wax play with his submissive, Will.

Kinktober Day 8: Wax Play

“I want you here and ready at eight o’clock sharp. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Will mutters under his breath, holding his phone up against his face with his shoulder as he navigates through his kitchen.

“Clean yourself with the soap I gifted you before coming down, please.”

“May I ask why?” Will wonders. Hannibal has never given him a request like this one before.

“The soap has certain ingredients that will make your skin softer, and your pores more relaxed. This will come in handy for the activities I have planned for you tonight, darling boy.” Hannibal explained.

“Eight o’clock.” Will repeated, digging into his fridge for the dog food he prepared earlier in the week.

“Very good. I’ll be awaiting your arrival.” Hannibal praised, and Will could hear ruffling on the other side of the phone.

Then the line disconnected.

Will let out a soft laugh at that, amused that Hannibal hadn’t even waited for him to bid a farewell of his own.

He leaned down to pour one cup of food into Zoe’s bowl, pleased to see her lift her nose in interest from where she was put in a ‘sit, stay’.

He repeated this action for each dog, adding some extra vitamins and medications to Buster’s mix, because he has a bad back.

Will thought back to Hannibal as he released the dogs from their stay, wondering what it is they could be doing tonight.

Will had met Hannibal at Quantico, he was brought in to help consult on the Minnesota Shrike case.

But when Will learnt through a series of unforeseeable events that Hannibal was a professional dom on the side, he couldn’t exactly say that he was shocked.

It made total sense that Hannibal was a sadist.

A professional sadist, at that.

Will started to see Hannibal for this unconventional form of therapy about four months ago.

And he’s never felt more alive.

Who knew that what Special Agent Graham needed after a long day of gruesome work was some kinky therapy.

Will bathed soon after letting his pups out, making haste, but taking care to wash himself thoroughly.

He dressed in one of his comfortable shirts, and a casual pair of jeans. He considered only briefly pouring himself a few fingers of whiskey, but reminded himself that Hannibal preferred him to be stone cold sober for their sessions.

When his watch read “6:45” he slipped on his shoes and locked his door. The drive over to Hannibal’s place is approximately an hour long, and he knows not to be late to their sessions.

He arrived right as his watch flicked its hands over to read “7:52”, and so he took some extra time to make sure his parking was satisfactory.

He waited until precisely 7:59 to emerge from his car, understanding that it is just as rude to arrive early as it is to arrive late when Hannibal has specified to arrive on the dot.

He walks calmly, taking deep breaths up to Hannibal’s door. It had only taken a month for the professional dom to invite him to start holding sessions in his personal dungeon, hidden in his basement.

Will thinks it’s because Hannibal could feel his discomfort with holding their sessions in a public place, the dungeon that Hannibal works at for a few select clients.

It had taken Will quite a while to adjust to the idea that Hannibal does what he does for more than just money.

He gets his own sick pleasure from hurting others.

Will knocks on the door after checking his watch once again, please to see that the hour has just changed. He’s right on time.

The door swings open slowly only a moment later. Hannibal had more than likely been waiting right nearby the door for Will’s arrival.

“Good evening, Will.” Hannibal greets in a warm tone, stepping aside as he continues “Please, come in.”

Will gives him a polite nod and enters through the too-big door. It’s almost instant that Hannibal is behind him, taking his coat to hang up. It’s practically routine at this point.

Hannibal pauses near the coat rack and turns to face Will once he’s discarded of the coat.

“Come here.” Hannibal commanded, a soft tone of voice hiding behind his dominant demeanor.

Will didn’t hesitate to take the final steps up to him, he lowered his head to avoid Hannibal’s eyes.

With his eyes lowered like this, he got a lovely view of both of Hannibal’s hands as they came to unbutton the first three buttons on his clean shirt.

His right hand slipped into the open shirt, feeling Will's pectoral and sternum. He hummed his approval as he leaned down to smell Will's neck.

"This fragrance compliments your natural scent perfectly," Hannibal murmured against Will's warm flesh. "And your skin feels like it's been revived, my beautiful pet."

"Thank you, sir." Will blushes as Hannibal's fingers explore his chest. His hands linger for just another moment before he's in motion, leaving Will to stand dumbly in the corner.

Will follows him like a little puppy towards the basement door, Hannibal's dress shoes clacking against his hardwood floors.

"Go on down, I'll be with you in a moment." Hannibal explains, unlocking the basement door so Will can enter. "I expect to find you stripped and at attention."

"Yes, sir." Will speaks as Hannibal leaves him once again, disappearing into the house.

Will takes the creaky stairs down to the basement, not bothering to turn on the lights. He knows this room well enough to not injure himself on the furniture in the darkness.

He unbuttons the rest of his shirt and folds it carefully, setting it on the table that Hannibal has set out to act as a home for personal belongings.

His shoes and socks follow after. The shoes, with the socks stuffed inside taking purchase underneath the table. Will releases his belt looping it tightly so it looks neat sat atop the table, next to his watch which sits flat.

His pants and boxers are the last to go, folding each of them with just as much care as the rest of his clothing.

He glances over the table once in the darkness,
when he's decided that he's pleased with the cleanliness of his belongings, he moves slowly to find his preferred kneeling pad.

He turns his body to face the basement stairs before sinking to his knees, tucking his feet under himself so he can sit on them. He makes sure that his back is straight, and his eyes are lowered.

He waits.

The room is pleasantly warm, and his heart tightens at the thought that Hannibal turned up the thermostat to ensure Will would be comfortable as he waits.

He isn't kept waiting very long. Hannibal opens the door slowly and flicks on the dim lights, surprised that Will hadn't turned them on himself.

He descends the stairs slowly, giving Will a view of his new outfit. He's changed from his navy 3 piece suit into simple black slacks and a black button down. It's unbuttoned to show off his chest hair, and the sleeves have been rolled up.

Will drops his eyes as Hannibal's face comes into view. He knows the rules.

He's not to speak unless prompted to do so, and he's not to meet his Master's eyes unless commanded to do so.

Hannibal is carrying a small, expensive looking red box, which he sets down on the bench nearest the St. Andrew's Cross.

Hannibal walks over to where Will is sat at attention, admiring his posture before reaching down to tug at his beautiful curls.

"You're going to use our stoplights today for your safeword, Will. Restate what each light means to me, please." Hannibal instructs, actively giving Will permission to speak.

"Green means everything is going okay at the pace and intensity we're at. Yellow means we need to change something, or pause. Red means that it's too much, and we'll assess together if we can start the scene again, or if it's done." Will repeats this spiel every time that Hannibal communicates that they'll be using the light system.

Though it is slightly annoying having to repeat himself, it is both comforting and completely necessary to communicate each color's meaning each time.

"Very good." Hannibal hums his approval before squatting down to come eye to eye with him. "Look at me, Will." He instructs.

Will's eyes don't hesitate to snap to his Master's, eager to please.

"I want to try two new things tonight. You will likely be overwhelmed, so I need you to remember your colors." Hannibal explains softly, searching in Will's eyes for any sign of fear.

He won't find any, Will is not afraid of him.

"I'll remember. Can I ask what these new things are?" Will mutters out, blinking slowly as his body grows excited with the promise of new experiences.

"Did you ever play with fire as a child?" Hannibal asks confidently, not revealing too much.

"I used to pinch out flames on candles, stick my fingers in the wax, yes." Will speaks as Hannibal nods, gazing at him with admiration.

"Then I'm confident that you'll enjoy tonight's activities." Hannibal stands from his squatting position, his knees popping.

Will watches intently as Hannibal moves over to the sleek black St. Andrew's Cross, he undoes one of the restraints with nimble fingers.

Will's mouth goes dry and his tongue gains too much weight inside of it as he watches. He's never missed the cross before, it's hard to, really. It's fucking massive where it stands in the corner.

Hannibal has a model where there's not one, but two restraints on each limb of the cross. Will wonders if there's one for his torso hidden away behind the cross's body.

Hannibal turns to him once all the straps are hanging loose, waiting to accept something to hold onto.

He smiles sickly at the nervous face staring up at him. Hannibal stands beside the cross, and waves a beckoning finger at Will from where he kneels.

He takes the instruction and moves towards his Master, nerves in his feet biting against the chilly floor of the dungeon as he walks.

"You're going to be fully restrained on the cross. Only your head will be able to move." Hannibal explains as he tries to look Will in the eyes, but finding he can't because his beautiful boy is too well trained.

"Your color?" Hannibal asks, understanding that Will is always hesitant with bondage, no matter how light.

Will glaces over at the cross, swallowing heavily before he speaks. "Green. I want to try it."

Hannibal smiles at this, fascinated by Will's willingness to push his own personal boundaries.

He doesn't even have to instruct Will to turn around so his back faces the cross. Although, he does place his hand on Will's stomach to lead him backwards so he stands flush against the piece of furniture.

He leans down slowly once Will is positioned, starting with his right leg. He belts in his ankle, then moves up to tighten the restraint that goes on Will's mid thigh.

He repeats the process with his other leg. He kisses his hip in a reassuring manner, dusting his lips up his smooth body until he reaches Will's neck. He smiles into it as he feels Will's hammering pulse.

He tugs on Will's mostly flaccid penis, encouraging it to fill out.

Will keens at the unexpected treatment, resisting the urge to scramble his free hold onto Hannibal's shoulders.

Hannibal pulls back from Will's neck to look at him, whispering mere inches away from his lips, "Free your eyes."

Though it's not a privilege he gets often during their scenes, Will knows exactly what Hannibal is giving him.

Will lets his eyes go where they please, no longer bound to the expectation of keeping them down. His eyes wander to Hannibal's shiny lips, licking his own to express his needs wordlessly.

Hannibal leans in for a gentle kiss, bringing his hand to grasp onto Will's right wrist. He pushes it up against the cross, giving Will a silent command to hold it there so he can restrain him.

Their kiss picks up into more movement, lips tangling together as Hannibal does up the belt with one hand, not needing to look.

Will's stomach does an unhelpful flip at the thought that Hannibal has done this so many times that he doesn't even need to look anymore.

Once Will's wrist is bound, Hannibal's hand trails its way down to the other restraint on the same arm, this one is placed just above Will's shoulder.

Hannibal is displeased to find how much tension Will is carrying in his shoulder, so he pulls back to give him a command.

"Relax, pet. You're too tense." Hannibal watches as Will's body relaxes, arm held up by the single restraint on his wrist.

Hannibal uses his free hand to tug at Will's cock, a reward for carrying out a difficult request. It's not easy for Will to make his body submit to his mind, even when he really wants to.

Hannibal quickly finishes restraining Will, all eight buckles in place. He leaves to venture to where his ropes are stored, returning only a moment later with a sturdy, curved knife in hand.

Will physically tenses at this, a hint of fear in his eyes as he looks at the intimidating knife. Hannibal notices, and runs his thumb along the blade, drawing out Will's fear.

"This is for emergency, dear boy. It's always nearby when you're restrained, you just haven't seen it." Hannibal explains, setting the knife down on the bench, turning his attention back to Will, "I'm afraid that you're nowhere near ready to dabble in knife play, my precious pet."

Will nods his relief, eyes leaving the knife to glance at the red box Hannibal had brought down with him earlier.

Hannibal reaches for the box, flipping open its lid to obscure Will's view from the contents. It's not until he sees the flash of sparks that he collects his thoughts. It's a zippo.

Hannibal reaches back into the box and pulls out white, red, and black stick candles. He lights the white one and waits patiently for some wax to gather at the top.

Will's eyebrows furrow in confusion, unsure how a candle could have anything to do with their new activity.

"Tell me Will, which color of wax do you think reaches the highest temperature?"

Will blinks at him for a moment, staring into the flame of the candle his Master is holding.

"Black." Will takes an educated guess, using his knowledge of how heat and light is absorbed into different colors.

“That’s right. And in turn, which do you think reaches the lowest temperature?” Hannibal asks, bringing the candle to drip some of the wax onto his own wrist, testing the temp.

“White.” Will concludes, not needing to think at all this time. Hannibal nods slowly, letting another drop fall onto the tender inside on his wrist.

“Distance also has a big factor on the heat of wax. We will start with white, from far away, then work up to the black.”

Will takes a deep breath at the thought of his body covered in wax. “What kind of wax is this?”

“Soy, which burns at 105 to 127 degrees.” Hannibal hums, lowering the candle to increase the temperature in which the wax will hit his wrist. “Soy is best for beginners, because it cools quickly as it falls.”

Will’s less intimidated, learning this information, and is comforted in seeing Hannibal drip it on himself… and turned on.

“Color?”

“Definitely green.” Will sighs out, sifting his hips against the cross, his erection bobbing at the movement.

Hannibal is pleased by Will’s excitement. He moves the candle gently to rest about 18 inches above Will’s upper arm.

He tips it slowly, and one, two drops fall against Will’s skin. He lets out a small gasp of surprise, watching as the flame bobs and licks along the sides of the candle.

Hannibal moves down slowly, gauging Will’s response as he drips the wax closer to his shoulder. This spot is much more tender on him, from all his injuries in the field.

Will drops his head backwards as one of the drops falls directly inside of his healed bullet wound.

“Shit-” He hisses out as another drop falls inside the middle of the scar, and he swears this one feels hotter.

“Language.” Hannibal reminds, reaching his free hand up to twist Will’s nipple, a correction that pulls a groan out of the boy’s lips.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

Hannibal hums his forgiveness, understanding that dripping wax over Will’s scars is going to pull a larger response from him.

So, he moves the candle to hover over his clavicle, drops falling to rest on his collarbone, and some dripping down onto his chest.

Will's reactions are mostly just gasps, but as Hannibal travels down closer to his navel, they turn into needy groans and whines.

He's careful to avoid dripping any onto Will's cock, instead playfully stroking his V line, spreading the wax he's dripping onto it.

Will's cock bobs with need, desperate for any kind of touch. It's practically red, and definitely straining.

Hannibal moves the candle slowly, making sure that Will can see where he's hovering it over next. Will has no time to protest before a bead of hot wax is making contact with the hilt of his penis.

Will lets out a gasp, followed by a low groan as the wax cools, losing initial sting.

Hannibal doesn't bother to ask Will's color at this point, even when he continues to drip the white wax onto his erect length.

He does ask, though, when he feels that Will is ready to move on. "We're going to move onto red, your color?"

"A-Ahh!" Will whines out as he tries to buck his hips into the last drop that lands on his penis. "Still green, Master."

Hannibal moved to collect the red candle, thrilled to feel Will tracking his movements with his eyes. He lights the zippo once again, and moves the flame to set fire to the new wick.

He lets it burn, collecting wax. He turns to look at Will, pleased with the sight in front of him.

His cheeks are flushed, chest heaving as the wax cracks from his breaths. Will's eyes are blown full of desire, and his penis is fully erect, begging for attention.

He smells so sweet with arousal.

Hannibal is so tempted to take Will's wax spotted cock into his mouth, to taste him.. but denies himself the thought after a moment.

Hannibal looks down at the red candle in his hand, deeming it melted enough to start dripping some on this beautiful submissive.

He switches the candle over to his left hand carefully, and brings it up over Will's shoulder.

Will's eyes are locked on his as the first drop falls, pulling a hiss from the restrained man. Hannibal is overjoyed by how reactive Will is to the wax. He's always so reactive, regardless.

Hannibal lowers the candle down to his clavicle, repeating the same path that he did before, now on Will's left side.

He sounds more desperate now, full of need and desire for release. He lets out little whines when Hannibal's right hand comes up to toy with his right nipple, which has a small amount

of wax dried on it.

“Please-” Will pants out, arching his back up into Hannibal’s touch. It’s hard to deny Will anything, but Hannibal wants to teach him how to ask for what he desires. This is therapy, after all.

“Please, what? What do you want, pet?” Hannibal asks, moving the candle lower to increase the heat of the wax falling.

Will pushes out a heavy breath when the hot wax falls on his hip bone, a sharp and quick pain falling over him.

“Your mouth. I need your mouth, sir.”

Hannibal understands immediately, leaning down to take his submissive’s nipple into his mouth. He makes sure to keep the arm that’s holding the candle at a consistent height.

Hannibal twirls his lip around the nub, moving the candle to hover over Will’s dick, the hot wax splashing on the sensitive organ.

Will practically hollers when the first drop hits the tip of his cock, eyes blown wide and hips stuttering against the pain.

Hannibal moves from the tip, closer to the hilt. Coating his dick with more wax. The white and red together makes such a pretty sight.

Once his reactions start to turn from pain to pleasure, Hannibal pulls off of his nipple to come eye to eye with him.

“Do you want to do black? I’m satisfied with your progress, but I want to push you.” Hannibal admits, a hint of sadism in his eye.

“Yes- more.” Will keens when another drop hits his dick. “P-please sir, I want it.”

“Then you’ll have it, beautiful.” Hannibal leans in to capture Will’s waiting lips, which are panting against his.

Hannibal pinches out the flame of the red candle, and moves back to the bench, plucking up the black one before lighting it up with his zippo.

Hannibal returns to kiss Will’s aching shoulders as they wait for the black candle to start melting. It doesn’t take long though, because the black candle burns at a higher temp.

Hannibal starts high with this one, unsure how Will will react to the change of temperature. He starts on his shoulder, tipping it slowly so only one drop comes out at a time.

Will’s breath stutters at the burn, body responding easily to the new temp of wax. He’s really happy that Hannibal had given him the red wax as a sort of warm up to the hotter wax.

Hannibal makes his way down Will's body slowly, his sadist heart jumping every time Will lets out a heavy breath or a groan of pain.

It takes quite a while for Hannibal to decide to drop the wax over Will's penis, starting at the hilt this time.

"F-fuckkk!" Will cries out, squirming against the cross's restraints in an attempt to get away from the hot wax.

"Language." Hannibal growls, pinching Will's meaty thigh with the correction.

"I'm sorry— y-yellow, sir." Will pants out through his sporadic breaths, fearful that another drip will fall on his dick before Hannibal is able to stop it.

"Thank you, pet." Hannibal moves the candle immediately, a drop falling onto the floor below the cross.

"What do you need?" Hannibal looks him in his eyes, shows him that he's going to give him what he wants.

"I- higher up, maybe? I think you might've burnt me." Will says with a huff of breath, looking at Hannibal with apologetic eyes.

"You look like you wish to say that you're sorry." Hannibal observes out loud, "I'm the one who should be apologizing, dear boy. I should have been more mindful. I will treat your burn accordingly.. after we push a little further."

Will nods eagerly, maybe a little too eagerly.

Hannibal moves the candle back over Will's penis, ensuring that he's at least two feet away from the length before slowly tipping the candle again.

Will keens at the pain, dropping his head back and groaning as the drops continue to come over his dick. His hips are straining with the effort to stay still

"Do you want to come, pet?" Hannibal asks when he moves the candle to drip some wax over the tip of Will's penis.

"Yes, yes. Please, sir." Will pants out, bucking his hips at the promise of orgasm.

Hannibal's free hand moves down to fondle with Will's balls, and the younger man lets out a strangled groan, overcome with pleasure.

"Stay still." Hannibal corrects, and Will adjusts, watching as another drop of wax falls onto his tip.

"Make me come, sir," Will is pulling against his restraints as he whines out a strangled, "Please!"

Hannibal pulls at his balls when he feels them start to retract, preparing to shoot his load of gratitude for him.

All it takes is a few more tugs of his balls, and a few more drops of wax, and Will is spilling his seed all over the floor in front of him.

Hannibal pinches out the flame to the black candle, pleased when he sees the amount of release Will had spilled onto his pristine floor.

He warns Will before taking off the restraints, making sure that the boy doesn't collapse on the floor as he is unstrapped from the cross.

All of the drops that landed on Will's skin are long streaks thanks to gravity, adding to the visual of all the colors on his skin.

"You look absolutely gorgeous like this, Will."

Will gives him a shy smile, crossing his arms over his torso, "Thank you, Master."

"Hannibal, now. The scene is done, marvelous boy." He says, reaching up to stroke Will's jaw, it's hot to the touch.

"What about you?" Will furrows his eyebrows and stares down at Hannibal's outline obvious in his slacks.

Hannibal ignores him, and speaks, "The candles I used are massage candles. If you wish, that can be a part of your aftercare."

"What if I wish for part of my aftercare to be getting you off?" Will looks up at him, and Hannibal can't help but close the gap between them. He takes Will's lips into his gently.

He disconnects them a moment later, and picks Will up bridal style before speaking.

"I can't deny you anything."

He carries Will up the stairs and all the way up to his bedroom, laying him out onto the bed.

"I'll start the bath, then you can do as you please, as a reward for tonight." Hannibal explained, leaving Will on his chilly bed sheets to start the bath in the next room.

He can smell different flowery scents, and wants to immediately go to Hannibal, hop in the bath and let him fuck him there.

But he returns a moment later, and Will's made up his mind. "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Hannibal just raises his eyebrows and goes for his belt, undoing it with ease, and stripping the rest of his clothes with care.

He climbs over Will's naked body and straddles his torso, leaving his arms free to go wherever they please.

Will doesn’t hesitate to open his mouth, encouraging Hannibal to plunge in and get off with no regard to how it may affect Will.

He does enter, but with gentle hesitation. They’ve never done this before, sure, Will has sucked Hannibal off, but never like this.

Will’s lips close around Hannibal’s girth and he creates a vacuum in his mouth, pulling a long groan from Hannibal’s chest.

Hannibal braces his hands on the headboard, and moves his hips slowly, plunging in hard and pulling back with a stutter in his hips.

Will grips on Hannibal’s ass, encouraging him to fuck him like he means it.

Hannibal gets the message, and moves his hips more similarly to how he would penetrate Will’s ass. This brings tears to Will’s eyes and choking noises to force out of his throat.

Hannibal fills him out perfectly, and Will is getting high off of it. If he hadn’t just came, he would most certainly be hard.

Hannibal’s hips stutter as he reaches his peak, assisted by Will’s skillful hand fondling his balls.

He pulls out before he can come, fearful of Will choking on his semen in such a position. So, he comes all over Will’s chest and face, complimenting all the pretty colors of wax.

Before Hannibal can settle, he hops off the bed, moving to turn off the bath. Will can hear his heavy breathing as he comes back to retrieve him for their routine aftercare bath.

“You really enjoyed that.” Will stated, didn’t ask.

“Yes.” Hannibal wasn't in a position to deny it as he scoops Will up off the soiled bed sheets.

He eases Will into the bath and gently washes him, paying special attention to his flaccid penis, because there was so much wax on it. There was a tiny burn, but Hannibal wasn’t too concerned.

Will couldn’t help but doze off as Hannibal washed his curls, complete bliss crawling over him.

He can’t wait for next week.

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